

Robert Dodsley 20 1746. H 37

O D E S

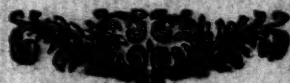
ON

Various Subjects.

Ἐχόρευσε δ' ἀμφὶ σάν κιθάραν
Φαῖβε ποιηλόθριξ,
Νεβρὸς ὑψιόμων πέραν
Βάινεσ' ἑλατᾶν σφυρῶ κέφα,
Χάρευεσ' εὐφρονη μολεπᾶ.

EURIPIDES in Alceste.

By JOSEPH WARTON, B. A.
of Oriel College, Oxon.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-mall*;
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster Row*.

M. DCC. XLVI.

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Various Subjects

46.

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R. JOSEPH WARTON, B.A.



Various Subjects

L O W D O W

Printed for R. Dodsley, at the Bell in Pall-mall:
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MDCCLVI



Advertisement.

THE Public has been so much accusom'd of late to didactic Poetry alone, and Essays on moral Subjects, that any work where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon Invention and Imagination to be the chief faculties of a Poet, so he will be happy if the following Odes may be look'd upon as an attempt to bring back Poetry into its right channel.

Advertisement.

THE PUBLISHER has to much to say
of late to distant Poetry alone, and Essays
on moral Subjects, that any work where the
imagination is much engaged, will perhaps not be
readily overlooked. The author therefore of these
pieces is in some pain lest certain austere critics
should think them too trifling and dissipated.
But as he is convinced that the passion of mora-
lizing in verse has been carried too far, and as
he feels upon reflection and consideration to be
the chief supporter of a Poet, he will be happy
if the following Poem may be held upon as an
account not being more highly interesting
than usual.

ODES

A 2



ODES

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ODE I.

TO FANCY.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,

No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O Nymph, with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Midst cheerless Lapland's barren snow,

Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast, various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes ;
 O lover of the desert, hail !
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside,
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,

'Midst

'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne ;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs,
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest ;
 Then lay me by the haunted stream
 Wrapt in some wild, poëtic dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove ;
 Till suddenly awoke, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,

And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
 By the sweetly-soothing sound !
 Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads ;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song :
 Or sometimes in thy fiery car
 Transport me to the rage of war ;
 There whirl me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign ;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead ;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With fullen joy surveys the ground,

And

And pointing to th' enfanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !
 Then guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-archt walks and alleys green,
 Where lovely LAURA walks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun ;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st place me near my love,
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence !
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale,
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
 When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,

At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR'S tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er your darling's grave;
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 Who with some new, unequall'd song,
 May rise above the rhyming throng,

O'er

O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t'attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk ;
 'Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;
 Like light'ning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critic's studied laws ;
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE !

ODE II.

TO LIBERTY.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend
 PLEASURE and laughter-loving HEALTH,
 White-mantled PEACE with olive-wand,
 Young JOY, and diamond-sceptred WEALTH,
 Blithe PLENTY with her loaded horn,
 With SCIENCE bright-ey'd as the morn,
 In Britain, which for ages past
 Has been thy choicest darling care,
 Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
 May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee the pining pris'ner mourns,
 Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
 For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
 That ply tough oars from morn to night;

Thee

Thee, the proud Sultan's beauteous train,
 By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
 Tearing the roses from their locks ;
 And Guinea's captive kings lament,
 By christian lords to labour sent,
 Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
 Stern BRUTUS, when Rome's genius loudly call'd,
 Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
 Unable to behold her power enthral'd !
 And he of later age, but equal fame,
 Dar'd slay the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend ;
 How burnt the † Spartan with warm patriot-flame,
 In thy great cause his valorous life to end !
 How burst GUSTAVUS from the Swedish mine !
 Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

When

† Leonidas,

When heav'n to all thy joys bestows,
 And graves upon our hearts ---- **BE FREE** ---
 Shall coward man those joys resign,
 And dare reverse this great decree?
 Submit him to some idol king,
 Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
 Abhorring man, by man abhor'd,
 Around whose throne stands trembling **DOUBT**,
 Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,
 And **MURDER** with his reeking sword?
 Where trampling **TYRANNY** with **FATE**,
 And black **REVENGE** gigantic goes,
 Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
 How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
 Fly, mortals, from that fated land,
 Tho' rivers rowl o'er golden sand;

Tho'

Tho' birds in shades of cassia sing,
 Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
 No storms disturb the smiling skies,
 And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

BRITANNIA, watch ! --- remember peerless ROME,
 Her high-tow'r'd head dash'd meanly to the ground ;
 Remember, freedom's guardian, GRECIA's doom,
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound :
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads & downs,
 (Fame, virtue, courage, property, forgot)
 Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
 Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot ;
 On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
 Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.

ODE III.

TO HEALTH.

Written on a Recovery from the SMALL-POX.

O Whether with laborious clowns
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
In noisy merchant-crowded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dew collects his flowery food;
In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermud's balmy isle,
Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile,
Who over alps of snow, and desarts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer;

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
 Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
 Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
 And kings on ivory couches pine,
 Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious heav'n
 To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n ;

To aid a languid wretch repair,
 Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
 The restless demon gloomy Care,
 And meagre Melancholy die ;
 Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
 And bind him howling with a triple chain !

O come, restore my aking sight,
 Yet let me not on LAURA gaze,
 Soon must I quit that dear delight,
 O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays ;
 Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
 Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head :

How nearly had my spirit past,
 Till stopt by METCALF's skilful hand,
 To Death's dark regions wide and vast,
 And the black river's mournful strand;
 Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
 Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest;

Where MARO and MUSÆUS sit
 List'ning to MILTON's loftier song,
 With sacred silent wonder smit;
 While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
 HOMER in rapture throws his trumpet down,
 And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

ODE IV.

TO SUPERSTITION.

HENCE to some Convent's gloomy isles,
 Where chearful daylight never smiles,
 Tyrant, from Albion haste, to slavish Rome;
 There by dim tapers' livid light,
 At the still solemn hours of night,
 In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.
 Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
 Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
 Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
 Nor dare in error's fetters bind
 One active, freeborn, British mind,
 That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

'Thou bad'st grim MOLOCH's frowning priest
 Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
 Regardless of the frantick mother's woes ;
 Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
 To wond'ring India's golden plain,
 From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo! how swiftly art thou fled,
 When REASON lifts his radiant head ;
 When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
 Blind IGNORANCE thy doating fire,
 Thy daughter, trembling FEAR, retire ;
 And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
 When PHOEBUS mounts his early car,
 The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
 The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
 The prowling lionesses roar,
 But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd rock.

Hail

Hail then, ye friends of Reason hail,
 Ye foes to Myst'ry's odious veil,
 To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
 Where CLARKE and WOOLASTON reside,
 With LOCKE and NEWTON by their side,
 While PLATO sits above enthron'd in endless light.

ODE V.

To a GENTLEMAN upon his Travels thro' Italy.

WHILE I with fond officious care,
For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my CYNTHIO find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray ?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er VIRGIL's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound,
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around :

Or

Or wander in the cooling shade
 Of Sabine bow'rs where HORACE stray'd,
 And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
 (As round in classic search you trace
 With curious eye the pleasing place)
 This fount he lov'd, and there beneath that oak he sat.

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
 Great RAPHAEL's magic strokes to view,
 To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave
 Whence each fair form with beauty glows
 Like that of VENUS when she rose,
 Naked in blushing charms from OCEAN's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
 To smooth CLITUMNUS' banks you tread,
 What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise!
 While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
 Grazes around, from some steep rock
 With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muse
 Your steps with eager flight pursues,
 That their cleft piles on TYBER's plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild ROME's GENIUS dwells,
 His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mould'ring walls,
 Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
 Let me repair by midnight's paly fires,
 There muse on Empire's fallen state,
 And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
 While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene inspires.

What lust of power from the cold North
 Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
 Fair ITALY, thy vine-clad vales to waste?
 Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
 Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
 And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd!

They

They, weeping ART in fetters bound,
 And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
 And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night ;
 Sad POESY, much-injur'd maid,
 They drove to some dim convent's shade,
 And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.

There long she wept to darkness doom'd,
 'Till COSMO's hand her light relum'd,
 That once again in lofty TASSO shone,
 Since has sweet SPENSER caught her fire,
 She breath'd once more in MILTON's lyre,
 And warm'd the soul divine of SHAKESPEAR, fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
 On her BRITANNIA's much-lov'd isle,
 Where these her best, her favourite Three were born,
 While † THERON warbles Grecian strains,
 Or polish'd DODINGTON remains,
 The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

D

O D E

† The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.

O D E VI.

Against DESPAIR.

Farewell thou dimpled cherub Joy,
 Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sister Hope to lead
 To dance along the primrose mead !
 No more, bereft of happy hours,
 I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
 But to yon' ruin'd tower repair,
 To meet the god of Groans, DESPAIR ;
 Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
 Still takes at eve his silent round,
 Or sits yon' new-made grave beside,
 Where lies a frantic suicide :

While

While lab'ring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the fullen power I speak :

“ Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
“ To pierce this sorrow-laden breast !
“ Or lead me at the dead of night,
“ To some sea-beat mountain's height,
“ Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
“ To the dark bosom of the deep ;
“ Or shew me far from human eye,
“ Some cave to muse in, starve and die,
“ No weeping friend or brother near,
“ My last fond, fault'ring words to hear.

'Twas thus with weights of woes oppress'd,
I sought to ease my bruised breast ;
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo ! a tall majestic maid !
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air ;

She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
 Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
 † Th' Athenian martyr smiling stand,
 The baleful goblet in his hand ;
 Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
 And PATIENCE was the Seraph's name ;
 Sternly she look'd, and stern began —
 " Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
 " Rouze thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
 " Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
 " Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
 " Where grieved fiends around you stalk,
 " Beyond, a blissful city lies,
 " Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
 " Take thou this shield, which once of yore
 " ULYSSES and ALCIDES wore,
 " And which in later days I gave
 " To REGULUS and RALEIGH brave,

† Socrates.

" In

" In exile or in dungeon drear
 " Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
 " Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
 " 'Twas VIRTUE temper'd the rough steel,
 " And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
 " To me the precious present brought.

ODE VII.

To EVENING.

HAIL meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey;
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When PHOEBUS sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in honey-dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk :

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening-dance,
Old SYLVAN too returns, and laughing PAN.

To

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
 Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
 And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
 Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
 His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies,
 Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
 And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride,
 An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest EVENING, oft' let me appear
 A wandering votary in thy pensive train,
 List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
 That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

O D E VIII.

To a FOUNTAIN.

Imitated from HORACE, Ode XIII, Book III.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
 Blandufian Fount! to whom the products sweet
 Of richest vines belong,
 And fairest flowers of spring;
 To thee, a chosen victim will I slay,
 A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth
 Just blooms with budding horn,
 And with vain thought elate
 Yet destines future war: but ah! too soon
 His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
 Thy pure translucent flood,
 And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honors grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his embowering head.

O D E IX.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Thou, that to the moonlight vale
 Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
 What time the village-murmurs cease,
 And the still eve is hush'd to peace,
 When now no busy sound is heard
 CONTEMPLATION's favourite bird!

Chauntrefs of night, whose amorous song
 First heard the tufted groves among,
 Warns wanton MABBA to begin
 Her revels on the circled green,
 Whene'er by MEDITATION led
 I nightly seek some distant mead;

A short repose of cares to find,
 And sooth my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet PHILOMEL,
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine !

So may no swain's rude hand infest
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

ODE X.

On the SPRING.*To a* LADY.

LO! SPRING array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
 Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
 With show'rs and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
 And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
 The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain,
 With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
 And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fishes from their ouzy beds,
 And animates the deep with genial love,
 She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the meads,
 And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
 All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul,
 To find his spotted mate he darts away,
 While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood controul.

But ah ! while all is warmth and soft desire,
 While all around SPRING's chearful influence own,
 You feel not, AMORET, her quickening fire,
 To SPRING's kind heat of all a foe alone !

O D E XI.

To a LADY who hates the Country.

NOW SUMMER, daughter of the Sun,
O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,

And earth o'erflows with joys ;

Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,

The tasteless hours my fair consumes

'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come hear mild ZEPHYR bid the rose

Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,

Come hear the falling rill,

Observe the honey-loaded bee,

The beech-embower'd cottage fee,

Beside yon' sloping hill.

By

By health awoke at early morn,
 We'll brush sweet dew from every thorn,
 And help unpen the fold ;
 Hence to yon' hollow oak we'll stray,
 Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
 An holy DRUID old.

Come wildly rove thro' desert dales,
 To listen how lone nightingales
 In liquid lays complain ;
 Adieu the tender, thrilling note,
 That pants in MONTICELLI's throat,
 And HANDEL's stronger strain.

" Infipid pleasures these ! you cry,
 " Must I from dear Assemblies fly,
 " To see rude peasants toil ?
 " For Opera's listen to a bird ?
 " Shall † SYDNEY's fables be preferr'd
 " To my sagacious * HOYLE ?

† *Arcadia.*
Alluding to those Ladies who have left their Novels and Romances
for the profound study of Mr. HOYLE's book on Whist.

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare!
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of sable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will MIRTH, the sprightly mountain-maid,
 Your days and nights attend,
 She'll bring fantastic SPORT and SONG,
 Nor CUPID will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.

O D E XII.

On the Death of -----

NO more of mirth and rural joys,
 The gay description quickly cloys,
 In melting numbers, sadly flow,
 I tune my alter'd strings to woe ;
 Attend, MELPOMENE, and with thee bring
 Thy tragic lute, EUPHRANOR's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
 For oft' thou heard'st his skilful lays ;
 Isis for him soft tears has shed,
 She plac'd her ivy on his head ;
 Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reign
 The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science blest,
 Unshaken Honour arm'd his breast,
 Bade him, with virtuous courage wile,
 Malignant FORTUNE's darts despise;
 Him, ev'n black ENVY's venom'd tongues commend,
 As Scholar, Pastor, Husband, Father, Friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
 O much-lov'd shade accept this tear;
 Each night indulging pious woe,
 Fresh roses on thy tomb I strew,
 And wish for tender SPENSER's moving verse,
 Warbled in broken sobs o'er SYDNEY's hearse,

Let me to that deep cave resort,
 Where SORROW keeps her silent court,
 For ever wringing her pale hands,
 While dumb MISFORTUNE near her stands,
 With downcast eyes the CARES around her wait,
 And PITY sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
 When strait my ears with murmur rung,
 A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
 Was heard in solemn whispers round ----

“ Weep not for me, embath'd in bliss above,
 “ In the bright kingdoms blest of joy and love.

LYMPHS of the forest, that young oaks protect
 From noxious blasts, and the blue-throated dove
 O how securely might ye dwell
 In Britain's peaceful shades
 But from grim wolves, or tiger's midnight roar
 Or crimson-crooked serpent's hungry hiss
 But that our savage swains pollute
 With murder your retreats
 How oft your birds have underling blood
 Lament, or warbling thrush, or mourning dove
 Pleas'd with gayly-gliding wings
 Or early-morning lark!

ODE XIII.

On SHOOTING.

NYMPHS of the forests, that young oaks protect
 From noxious blasts, and the blue thunder's dart,
 O how securely might ye dwell

In Britain's peaceful shades
 Far from grim wolves, or tiger's midnight roar,
 Or crimson-crested serpent's hungry hiss,
 But that our savage swains pollute
 With murder your retreats !

How oft' your birds have undeserving bled,
 Linnet, or warbling thrush, or moaning dove,
 Pleasant with gayly-glitt'ring wings,
 Or early-mounting lark !

While

While in sweet converse in a round you sit
 On the green turf, or in the woodbine-bower,
 If chance the thund'ring Gun be heard,

To grotts and caves ye run,
 Fearful as when LODONA fled from PAN,
 Or DAPHNE panting from enamour'd SOL,
 Or fair SABRINA to the flood

Her snowy beauties gave :
 When will dread Man his Tyrannies forego,
 When cease to bathe his barbarous hands in blood,
 His subjects helpless, harmless, weak,
 Delighting to destroy ?

More pleasant far to shield their tender young
 From churlish swains, that violate their nests,
 And, wand'ring morn or eve, to hear
 Their welcome to the Spring.

O D E XIV.

To SOLITUDE.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
 List'ning to the crowing cock,
 And the distant-sounding clock;
 Or sitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
 Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
 While through thy melancholy room
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;
 Thou, that on the meadow green,
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,

But

But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,
 And the pensive-falling brooks,
 Or near some rugged, herblefs rock,
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock !
 Musing maid, to thee I come
 Hating the tradeful city's hum ;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noisy mirth and bus'ness free,
 With meditation seek the skies,
 This folly-fetter'd world despise !

F I N I S.



But wandering by the busy nook,
 And the pensive-falling brook,
 Or near some rugged, herble rock,
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock!
 Musing maid, to thee I come,
 Having the trade of city's hum;
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,
 From noisy mirth and business free,
 With meditation, let the fates,
 This lonely-world would desire!

W I V I S

